

Richie Tozier fucking dies...I..think? by QuinsQuins

Category: IT (Movies- Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: :(, Angst, Ben and Bev grieve next door, Ben and Bev r fucking but we been knew, Deadlights(IT), Eddie Bill and Stan have a sleepover and cry, Eddie loves Richie and is heart broken, Hurt Richie Tozier, Hurt/Comfort, I'm sorry, Multi, My writing style is weird and bad, Pennywise gest fucked and the deadlights perish, Polyamory Losers club - Freeform, Protective Eddie Kaspbrak, Suicide attempt mentioned, Supernatural elements are at play, This is a weird concept, de-ageing, descriptive scenes of violence, horror themes, idk where this story is going but I hope you stick around to find out!, it gets weird, none of these relashionships are sexual....well, richie is a mess, self-harm mentioned, they are all sad and old and I am just sad, weird IT Chapter 2 kinda-fixed-it no one asked for, were just gonna pretend the turtle had nothing to do with this

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscome, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Man Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Everyone & Everyone, Richie Tozier/Eddie Kasprak, the losers club/the losers club

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Summary:

Eddie Lives and Richie fucking dies.

or

The turtle finally fucking does something no one wanted- or asked for- and fucking perishes like a bitch

1. Kookie Kookie- lend me your organs!

Author's Note:

Bibbidi boo! A dead Richie for you!

This is terrible writing but, there's only room for improvement!!

I apologise for any spelling mistakes!

Hope you enjoy!

'Hey, fuckface!'

'You wanna play truth or dare?! Here's a truth- you're a sloppy bitch!'

'Yeah, that's right! Let's dance! Yippee-Ki-yay, Mother fuc-'

He shouldn't have been so stupid as to think a fucking rock would bring down Pennywise. The dudes like a hundred fucking feet tall with fucking massive crab claws. If one had even so much as nicked him-Richie would be the fish, and Pennywise, the sushi chef. He'd be served on a fucking platter with the dip and all- Slain and raw. Fucking dead.

But he's not dead- at least he doesn't think he's dead.

He can't move his body and, yeah, that's concerning, but his hearts still beating and he can feel every little scar, ache and bruise on his body as If they'd all been doused in gasoline and set on fire. If he could scream he would, but it seems his old voice box finally up and quit on him. What a shame. His career was surly gonna take off after his last show- was it not? Who doesn't want to see a fucking middle aged man contract the early stages of- what looks to be- Alzheimer's and run around on stage like a chicken who's about to get his head cut off? It would of been a good show, but what can you do?

He doesn't even write his own material.

Richie feels his stomach contract, but nothing comes up- and I guess he's thankful for that. He can wiggle his brow ridge and twitch his nose, but his mouth remains painfully bolted shut. He would of choked on his own breakfast had he actually gone sick.

He's not sick, he's not sick, Eddie hates sick, he can't be sick, can't be sick for Eddie, not sick-

Richie's throat vibrates with a hidden groan. He twitches his nose the same time he wiggles his brow and thinks.

He feels conflicted. No dead person should be able to feel pain-maybe the phantom type, like with amputee's, but not like...PAIN pain..Unless, they're in hell and, considering how he was during his twenties, that's a big possibility for Richie.

But it's not cause he's gay, it's not cause he's gay, he's not gay, it's not cause he's gay, he's not in hell because he's gay he's in hell because he's a terrible- not gay- person, he's not gay. He doesn't touch boys.

Maybe he should of payed attention more in church? Or maybe cut down on the 'I fucked Eddies mom' jokes?

' No sex before marriage or it's a sin' That's one of the big 'tropes' his religious Grandparents used to say that could get you down under- or keep you a virgin till you're forty- and it's the only thing Richie can think of right now because he's apparently in hell and dead.

Or maybe it's not hell..

But it is, he died a fucking idiot and now he's in hell, it is, he's a fucking idiot, idiot

Because it's just so light. Blinding. His already shit vision is nothing compared to now- it's all just white, but not white. He thinks he can see light shadows or figures but when he goes to look it's just the same 'not white' he's been seeing all around him. It's not as concerning as hell but- he feels scared.

Be brave, be brave, be brave for Stan brave, be brave for Eddie. why can't you be brave like Bill or mike? They're brave, they're all brave,

why can't you be brave, pussy?

He twitches his nose....and then starts to fall.

Richie falls deep, quickly, down into a pot of hot 'what ifs?' and 'why not?'. He sees his friends die- he sees himself die- over and over and over again. Always the same way- but not. Sometimes he dies in thirty seconds, not two minutes- or maybe Beverly's neck is snapped to the right and not the left. He sees it happen again and again while he falls through the endless sinkhole of almost movie like clips before he finally lands and settles at the bottom of it all.

This is where he finally captures the whole movie instead of small clips he's seen of it online or, in this case, through whatever cracked out rabbit hole he just fell through.

The 'not white' around him turns pitch black and almost credits come up on 'the screen.'

They pop up so suddenly that Richies body gives a harsh delayed jerk that makes his stomach feel tight.

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Starring: Richie Tozier.

Featuring: Mike Hanlon, Bill Denbrough, Beverly Marsh, Ben Hanscom, Stanley Uris and Eddie Kaspbrak

Director: Pennywise

Producer: Pennywise

Editor: Pennywise

This film is in dedication to Mr.Tozier and the Losers club.
Thank you for all the laughs.

Please enjoy this featured presentation.

,

He feels the need to throw up, again, but his mouth is still clamped shut.

Then the movie starts and Richie feels himself fall for the second time.

They, the Losers, are all in scene one of the first part of the movie. Mike is the star protagonist of the story right now and is being squeezed to death by one of Pennywise's stupid fucking tentacles.

No one else makes a move to help so, the scene is then improvised.

And it goes by fast.

Mike gets his head bit off with a sickening, rubbery, snap- like how you bite a twizzler or try and rip those stupid plastic tags off from your clothes with your teeth- it was disgusting. The whiteness of Mike's spine sticks out through the mess of veins and organs. Blood slowing dripping onto his already shit and piss covered shirt.

Richie watches it solemnly- almost forgetting the others were there with him before Beverly starts to scream, and it's loud. He goes to turn his head but more so feels his head snap to the right then see it happen- the view doesn't change. He can't see anything other than the clown, dead mike-

-Holy shit mikes dead-

-and a quarter of Beverly's hair. He turns his head to the left and it's still all the same no matter where he looks. Like the 'not white' place.

Whoever is controlling the 'movies' sound turns it up higher. Bev's screams turn deafening and Ben's crying is like slapping two metal bowls together at three o'clock in the morning. Bill doesn't make a sound, but Richie can hear the others knees hit the cold, rocky, ground when he falls. His clothes rustling loudly.

Richie can't hear Stan at all.

The comedian only feels it when Eddie latches onto His arm and cries along with Ben. The germaphobe's screams are more like sticks to a trash can lid that bowls to bowls- but it doesn't make the scene any more comfortable.

Richie listens to all of it without a wince. He acts like he's actually watching one of those shitty horror flicks with rubber manikins being stabbed with retractable knives and not like his friend totally really did just die. It's sickening to him and weird, too. But he doesn't move.

Richie watches the clown devour the rest of Mike and feels disgusted with himself that it doesn't even arouse a feeling- any feeling- of sickness in him.

Just...numb.

What would Ben think of that? Ben was nice, Ben was feelings, what would he think of you ? No feelings? Ben is the King and you the prisoner. Why can't you feel?

It makes richies teeth hurt. His stomach bubbles dangerously- like a pot of spaghetti sauce that's been left on the stove for too long and has red tomato juice flying out of the uncovered bowl- he wants to throw up-again- he wants to WAKE UP, but he knows it can't be over, Mikes scene is just act one of seven- he guesses.

Richie watches helplessly as his vision snaps and disintegrates into pitch black again. He feels himself spin around a few times before- whoever the producer is-

He knows who it is, he knows, he just doesn't want to think about it, he knows, he's just scared.

But Beverly's not scared. Beverly's a badass with nice hair and good looks. You're just a filthy rat feeling the plague infested Europe on a ship to sea. Not knowing that you're carrying the disease right on your back.

You'll kill them all.

-feels like he's dizzy enough and the next scene starts.

The setting is at the Derry, Maine carnival....and Bill is running

through the entrance.

Richie thinks back to the phone call between Beverly and Bill.

She had seemed upset. And Bill's voice- stuttering more than usual- was muffled by her hair.

This must be where 'it' happened before he hitched it to the Neibolt house. Bill never really explained what 'IT' was, but Richie knows the kid he screamed at in the Chinese restaurant was dead.

He couldn't bring himself to care.

The scene follows Richie's lanky friend into the maze of mirrors. Him, The boy, Dean, and IT all 'trapped' in a see-through box of walls that catch every reflection of light or, in this case, the glistening tears that threatens to spill out of Bill's big round eyes as IT quickly, repeatedly, slams his giant head against one of the glass walls separating it from Dean.

The scene is not as fast as Mike's but, it quickly throws Richie into the middle of it all.

The glass-mirror starts to break- Small cracks forming like spider webs hanging in a barn's arch as IT got faster and faster and faster. Banging his head, banging his head- again and again.

Richie felt his heart choke.

Bill, red-faced and blurry-eyed, tried in vain to throw his body against the tough, reflective glass. The solid wall didn't even shake underneath him, but Bill kept going. He screamed and screamed and screamed till his voice was nothing but nails on a chalkboard- static and popping.

Dean stood, crying, between the two. He turned to face Bill and-

oh god, he looks like Georgie...

-pounded his tiny fists against the glass- his screaming covered by the clown's laughter and Bill's angered cries while he fought against his cage of mirrors.

It was just so loud. So loud, echoing and dark...That...That Bill didn't notice IT had disappeared, ceased his constant head knocking- to just pop up behind him.

He barely had time to register Dean's horrified screams before a blast of hot air against his neck quickly turned into a triple set of razor-sharp teeth.

He did not scream. Blood gushed out in streams to cover the four shrinking walls around him- Bill could just barely make out Dean's face through the red before two hands quickly snatched his eyes- long white, and red dirtied nails attached to thin hands with fluffy off white cusps and a single red stripe- the last thing Bill saw before he was plunged into a pit of pain-filled darkness.

Then it stopped- and the world began to tip upside down in a swirl of light and dark colours that Richie couldn't put the name to.

He felt the rustle of air vibrate through his throat and exhale out of his nose. Apparently he'd been holding his breath...strange.

Richie didn't remember holding it.

But...he was thankful the-....whatever the fuck, had cut out before Bill had....officially died. It gave him a small sliver of hope that- if that had happened in whatever clown induced nightmare he was in- Bill would have survived.

Blind, mute and scared....but alive...

And not alone in a fucking maze.

Richie's vision grows fuzzy and dark. He feels it, again.

Ben and Bev die together- well, related deaths.

Richie stands next to Ben- looking up through the club house door while Penny wise cackles maniacally at the two.

Ben's eyes start to water as he screams at the clown- begging him to stop.

Richie goes to comfort him but every soft touch he gives is ignored- and reassuring words fall on deaf ears.

Soil begins to pour in through the clubhouse door while the stupid clown claps his hands with glee. It pours in so fast, and in such heavy loads, that Ben is promptly knocked onto his ass and stunned for almost a minute.

Richie feels himself go and try to help but pulls up short. He can't do anything...He can only watch.

Oh god.

Ben only panics more as the light from outside gets darker and darker...-

He's afraid of the dark, he's afraid of being alone

-The opening closes suddenly as soon as Ben breaches free from the in pouring soil- he screams and pounds on the door ferociously but, even with the muscle, he can barley chip a splinter in it.

The dirt pours faster.

Ben's nice clothes are ruined in seconds as the dirt turns to mud and slowly solidifies around his feet, keeping him from trekking upwards to breath.

Richie notices that the mud around his feet slides off sand when he tries to 'escape', as if a protective seal was wrapped around them, keeping his pants clean and scuffed shoes just the same.

He blinks once.

The dirt- now thick, dark, and mixed with small rocks- reach up to Ben's armpits now, and quickly piles up and up and up.

His handsome face turns dark as the falling soil sticks to his sweat and tear covered face. The rocks turn into sharp, shattered, poetry that cuts Ben's face- and gets lodged in his throat when he tries to scream for help. His shoulders shake above the line of dirt at his collar bone, arms pinned to his sides as he tries and fails to free them and maybe...dig his way out.

Richie- standing right beside Ben now- easily 'frees' his own arm from the mud and caresses Ben's face softly. Dark debris from his finger tips smudging the light layer of dust and specks on his friends handsome face.

You won't die alone. You won't die alone.

The dirt reaches his chin now- and Ben can only cry as he tries to spit the earthy taste out of his mouth- but he is soon swallowed up and left to suffocate.

Richie feels cold tears slide down his face. The dirt around him adsorbs the salty tears with greed.

And he falls again.

Bev drowns in blood. In a Dirty middle School bathroom stall that's been defaced with so many kids pretty- disgusting- colourful pens and sharpies that the words seem to merge together in a mess of loving secrets and insulting thoughts.

As Richie watches- he thinks he sees the saying 'Richie Tozier sucks flamer Cock!' Written at the bottom, but doesn't get enough time to double-check before the blood rises to cover it.

Beverly pounds on the bathroom door. Her beautiful hair matted and sticking to her terrified face. This wasn't how she was supposed to die- Richie could hear her think- she wasn't supposed to go this way- none of them was supposed to go out this way! Why why why why why?

The blood rises quickly to her chin- and the stall shrinks. She drowns a minute later- her death quick.

Richie felt sickly thankful that it had but- it doesn't last long

The air around him changes quickly- as if he is being shoved- and the darkness of Beverly's bathroom scene changes into...another bathroom.

It was-...It looked...nice.

Beeswax candles were lit on every shelf, warming the room at a perfect temperature and filling it with a delightful smell.

Framed pictures of birds and landscapes hung on each of the four, white tiled, bathroom walls. Creating a nice peaceful aesthetic for when someone needed a bath and-....oh.

Richie's shoulders tensed. He knew where this was heading...and refused to turn around and look at it...

'It' being...Stan.

Stan, with slashed wrists, sitting in a warm bubble bath of pink stained bubbles and water. A dead expression of almost- relieved sadness- on his face and dried tear marks streaking down from his permanently terrified pupils.

A letter to his wife sitting by on the bathroom sink counter with an explanation- a lie- as to why he did it. Her name written on the front of the envelope in his neat hand writing- with a small, but saddening, heart at the bottom of it.

He thinks back to the Jade of orient- when Stan has been the last to show up, causing Bev's face to go white as paper, and explained to them that...just a few hours before arriving, he had....he had tried to take his own life.

White, pink stained, bandages had been wrapped around his wrist; Only noticeable because of the curly haired mans short sleeved cardigan, that only reached to his middle forearm.

Richie had almost cried when he saw them...Knees weak while he latched onto Stan for dear life. Praying, and mumbling, incoherent words that caused the other to comfort him back with a tight squeeze of the shoulder and light, circle, back rubs with his finger tips.

The comedian- well, maybe- remembered he didn't talk the whole way back to the Townhouse, or when Mike brought them all to the 'clubhouse'.(He caught the worried glances of each Loser at least once, but only smiled back at them with a reassuring nod. Trying hard not to draw attention to the excessive tugging he did with the bottom of his sleeve.)

Richie took a deep breath, immediately gagging at the smell of lavender mixed with copper and harshly grabbed at his head, covering his ears- as if trying to block out the sound would get rid of all the bad memories and illusions.

He kept his back turned to the tub and headed for the bathroom door.

Yeah. He definitely didn't want to see THAT...

The world moved, suddenly, and he tripped.

Not expecting to hit the ground so soon, Richie's whole body was sent into a shock of white blinding pain as his feet hit hard a surface first, then knees buckled beneath his dead weight. He felt his back hit a sharp, rocky, surface before the rest of his senses came back to him and his stomach sank.

Richie was back in the sewer- apparently free from the deadlights sick torture and illusions.

He would of felt like celebrating- jumping up and down like a mad man who had just won the lottery- but the numbness in his arms and legs restricted him from even sitting up.

But he had to do it anyway so, might as well get it over with.

Richie winced in pain as he used what little muscle power he had left in his system to sit himself up. His lip caught tightly between his teeth as the ache in his back grew and blood from his nose dripped to coat his tongue in its coppery warmth.

The comedian didn't get very far before a body slammed down on top of him- effectively keeping him pinned down- and thighs straddled his waist.

Richie bit his lip harder as his back was- admit, uncomfortably- pushed down onto a rock below him,

Right on the curve of his old spine, too.

He saw stars- and then....he saw Eddie.

Beautiful, Brave, Badass Eddie with his stupid smile and stupid bloody bandage and stupid non-existing lips.

What a relief.

He could see Eddie was talking to him- rather fast and excitedly- but he couldn't hear it. The noise around him was muffled and distorted- like plastic had been shoved into his ears and pillows glued over them. Richie softly shook his head to clear any left over fuzziness in

his head and looked up at Eddie in a daze.

Eddie was still talking. His mouth moving almost as fast as Richies heart rate. One tan hand softly squeezed at the curly haired mans right bicep.(Richie knew there was no muscle there, just skin and flab and, somehow, that caused him to feel more insecure about anything-ever- in his life...which is weird,because he's probably gonna get killed by a fucking clown today, anyway and, he shouldn't really be thinking about this right now but-....eh.)

The touch comforted him, anyway.

Eddie looked down at him- with happiness sparkling in his deep blue eyes. Richie felt his whole body relax.

But then Eddie's chest exploded in a spray of blood and one huge ass talon.

He like to think that none of Eddie's...'fluids' got into his mouth- it's just the taste from his own nose bleed- but his tongue is warm. And everything tastes metallic and everything smells so salty and warm and...Eddie is dead.

Richie didn't know when it happened, but one second he was starting up at the love of his life being impaled and the next- he was hovering over Eddie in one of the many caverns. His jacket pressed tightly on the shorter's chest- more so soaking the blood up than hindering it.

The jacket was ruined, either way he saw it.

Richie watched one hand tap Eddie's uninjured- Dead-face. Seeing it shake when Eddie not so much as flinched at his touch. His head hung low.

Then- everything was shaking.

Rocks fell from the ceiling and crashed down onto the ground below, exploding into more tinier rocks for someone to trip on- or to throw- if they had stepped on it.

He felt is arms wrap around Eddie- bringing the dead mans head to his chest- and just sitting there...waiting for the whole place to come

down on top of him.

Eddie is dead....He should be dead, too.

But that doesn't happen. Two sets of strong calloused hands- he supposes Ben and Mike- are pulling around his shoulders.

Richie is pulled to his feet in a flash- a large rock crashes just a few feet away from them. He's being pulled backwards- forcefully- away from Eddie and out of the cavern.

His voice is hot and muffled In his ears. The vibrations of his screaming tickle his numb neck- a weird experience- and his body clenches and in clenches with each scream.

He can't tell what he's saying. It could just be gibberish- as result of seeing his loved get stabbed before his very eyes- or it could be a mantra of Eddie's names and 'we can't leave him.'

Guess he'll never know.

It feels like an hour has gone by- but only a minute- before they all emerge from the sinking house, all covered in dirt and bruises, running at top speed to escape their dear friends grave.

They stop at the end of the road, near the mail box- and all turn in silence to watch as the old building sinks into the grounds and collapses on its self.

It's all so loud- but so quiet.

Richie knows he's still screaming, and knows the shattering of glass and splintering wood hurt his ears- but he doesn't care.

He screams so much the vibrations in his throat turn into airy wheezes.

The hands on his arms let go and he blacks out before collapsing into the Neibolt's- or what was once the Neibolt's- front yard.

He falls.

And he falls onto his feet, again. Familiar blinding pain shoots up through his legs and the same knocking of his head and back on the ground hurt word than the first time.

It's the sewer, again. Ew.

Richie waits a few seconds, but his eyes blink unwillingly. A set hands gripped his shoulders tightly, but not pulling, pushing his aching back harder into the cracked and protruding ground.

He didn't complain.

His eyes blinked sluggishly once more- scuffed vision clearing to reveal a smiling, and very much alive, Eddie Kaspbrak. The same Eddie that had just died- his stupid smile and stupid bandage- before him.

Alive, but for how much longer? Was it a vision or a joke?

'Rich! Hey, Rich! Wake up!'

A shot of pain went up Richie's leg when his ears perked up at the sound.

He could hear him- oh, what a beautiful song.

Richie's body relaxed, but hands- for a reason he can't tell- were trigger happy by his sides.

'Yeah, Yeah! There he is, Buddy!'

'Listen, I think I got it, man! I think I killed it!'

Richie felt his arms go to cup Eddie's face- but the slight movement of an off black- slightly blue- talon cut him short.

Wait...he recognised that talon...

Richie's eyes widened and he stopped breathing.

This was real.

It's happening It's happening It's happening it's happening- no please, not Eddie, please- It's happening It's happ-

Eddie was oblivious to it, and only kept smiling.

'I did! I think I killed it for re-!'

Richie, in a split second decision and with his quick hands, used what little strength he had left in his upper body to shove the asthmatic off of him- right before the spider clowns massive claw could screw him through.

There was no exploding or taste of Eddie's blood- only his own.

He ignored the sharp burning in his belly.

Eddie rolled, pitifully, to the right.- one arm cycled around his stomach and face wrinkled in panicked annoyance.' What the fuck?!'.He braced one Hand under his body to push himself up, the weird white blue light making the creases in his forehead look more pronounced.

'What the fuck, 'Chee?!'

Richie smirked lightly at the nick name. A familiar warmth filling his chest and belly at the sound of it.

It didn't last long.

Eddie's horrified scream sent his stomach plummeting.

What once was the claw that had struck Eddie just a few mer minutes earlier, now protruded right through Richie- through his stomach this time, as he was taller than Eddie- all covered in his own blood and bits of his insides.

It was disgusting.

He thought back to his earlier reference. He was not sushi, he was a kebab. A slice of meat- a pig- on a burnt stick- claw- with pieces of fruit and vegetables skewered on the front and back of him. A meal for Pennywise to enjoy and for him to just watch...

Richie thought he heard Beverly, or Bill, scream his name through the sound of his own blood rushing through his head, but Eddie's was the loudest.

‘You Mother Fuckin clown! I’m gonna kill you- you son of a bitch!’
Out of the corner of his eye he saw a rock hit the clown-spiders head- but Pennywise didn’t flinch.

‘You fucking Cunt! I hate you! I hate you! Richie! Oh my god! Richie!’

The way Eddie’s voice broke and wheezed had Richie breathless. He sounded so scared...so scared and angry. It made Richie’s spine tingle a little.

No one seemed to notice the clown shrinking.

But his heart throbbed painfully along with his new wound.

Richie wanted to tell Eddie that it was gonna be okay- that he was fine- that they’d be okay. He wanted to feel Eddie’s name roll off his tongue one more time, take pleasure in the way it makes his teeth rattle and cherish its meaning.

He wanted to comfort him.

The injured comedian went to turn his head but, before his brain could comprehend it, another one of Pennywise’s massive claws swung and promptly severed Richies top half from the lower.

Blood sprayed everywhere and organs just slipped out like candy in a broken piñata.

Pennywise shrieked in psychotic delight- lapping up Richies pouring organs and blood like it was crack and chewing on them with loud smacks and pleased hums.

The Loser’s hearts stopped- and so did Richies.

Pennywise smiled sharply at their horrified faces and carelessly chucked Richies empty corpse away with a satisfied burp.

‘Excuse me! HahaHaAha!’

He flashed his sharp pink stained teeth at the reming losers and, this time, Richie wasn't the only one about to lose his lunch...

Oh..Richie...

He died.

The chorus of his lovers losers screams the last lullaby he'd hear....

Before his eyes opened up and the hot sun above warmed his speckled skin like a blow torch to a marshmallow. The song birds he used to hear back in his teenage years sung sweetly in the trees above him.

Richie blinked once- realised he didn't have his glasses- and threw up.

2. The funs just beginning!

Summary for the Chapter:

[GORE WARNING]

After the house crashes and the losers escape- Richie goes through a death clown induced night mare....then wakes up.

Notes for the Chapter:

First off, I am so sorry that this took so long to update! I was busy and had a lot of stuff going on but! I'm here now with another chapter! Hopefully the writing is good and if there's any spelling mistakes! I'm sorry!

I hope you enjoy my trash !

Richie's consciousness shuts off five seconds after getting cut in two....and he dies two seconds before his top half meets the cracked and protruding ground.

He lands...and blood goes flying like a pie tin full of whipped cream being thrown at someone's face. His body slumps off a rock's edge and falls onto level ground- with a soft, wet, flop- and then goes still.

There is no sound. There is no light....no Darkness. There is no smell, or touch, or taste. There is nothing.

Because Richie is dead...and the clown has stopped laughing.

Pennywise's spidery body shrinks and shrivels with bursts of electric blue splitting the white painted skin. The clown gurgles on dark red blood- and chunks of bright pink meat hang from his lips...-in the middle of IT's first landing place and gropes at the, quickly, growing rock sticking through IT's chest with frantic hands.

And IT shrinks...and IT shrinks...and IT shrinks....

IT let's out an animalistic cry as IT's smaller body sinks down into the wider bottom of the rock. Pennywise screams and howls as the rocks thickness stretched the wound in IT's chest wider and wider- skin ripping and popping like how you stretch a rubber band to the max.

Pennywise chokes on the dark blood dripping from IT's ruby, wet, lips one last time before the sides of IT's chest grow thin enough to snap..

The clown's small body explodes in two- sending the same dark red blood flying every where. The bottom half of IT flops straight down onto the outside of the cage of rock pillars, and IT's top half lands right in the middle of it...with a cartoon squish.

IT dies. And no one speaks.

The Losers don't move to hug one another- nor do they reach for their friends cold, shaking, hands for comfort.

There is no comfort to find in the silence following IT's last breath...not even an ounce of relief...

Ben shifts on his feet and turns to throw up, but no one can hear his retches- not even himself.

Richies severed legs are cooling at their feet...His blood sinking into their muddy shoes and staining them a deep crimson.

But no one can muster a single fuck- even when the cavern around them begins to shake and fall apart.

A giant chunk of rock falls from the ceiling- slightly to the left of where Beverly stands- Sending smaller rocks flying every which way. One piece cuts her cheek.

No one moves.

The losers all stand unnaturally still, faces wet and flushed pink, before Bill- ever the leader- snaps and grabs the nearest loser then begins to run.

He screams back at the others- his grip around Stan's wrist tight to keep him from straggling behind- and only stops once his voice grows

sore- static, popping- and the other Losers rush to them.

They push, yell, stumble and cry all the way up the well and out to the Neibolt house mail box- black, chipped and rusted- new scars and bruises marry their faces and skin, as well bits of debris and dust that turn their faces dark.

Sweat drips from their foreheads and all grief and sadness is lost for a single moment as all six- seven- six of them watch the old house fall.

It was a glorious sound...but, beneath it all- beneath all the sounds of splintering wood and shattering glass- Eddie was crying.

Richie knows he's dead- for real- this time.

The white is back, and it's cold. His feet are touching nothing, yet, he feels like the emptiness beneath him is pushing back- keeping him level. (He twists his foot and takes note at the strange, smooth, texture. No chips or rocks or twigs crunch beneath his toes- it's just flat...and not concrete flat.)

It's strange, but what's stranger is that Richie's stomach feels as if he's rocking on a boat- a really weak boat that dips at every little ripple. He wants to throw up- and his mouth feels light so he guesses he won't choke, if he does.) but Richie swallows thickly and closes his eyes.

Then he opens them...and it's black. The white- black- it's endless.

(It's dark- it's hot. His skin feels clammy and hair sticks to his forehead. He feels sick- so sick but not...? He's tried.)

Richie licks his lips, pushing himself up off the ground with one arm- when had he gotten on the ground?- into a crouch and then slowly pushed off his knee to stand up. (Oh god, now he's woozy.)

The ground is still flat beneath his feet- and was marble smooth beneath his hands- but his stomach still twists.

His legs are numb- yet they don't throb with the pain of having fallen some height- even a little bit- and he can wiggle his toes without

cringing.

(Okay okay.)

Richie blinks- he blinks a few times- and a sudden yellow light- a stage light- flashes on with an echoing 'boosh'. It's far from Richie but not close, either. Just far enough he could see the lights rays clearly.

It's (the light, not the fucking clown.) bright yellow color is a stark contrast against the harsh, sudden, blackness all around him.

The comedian takes a tentative step forward, hand out stretched, towards the light.

'Boosh'. Another stage light- not too far, not too close- streams in from his right.

Richie stops and turns to look at it-

'Boosh' 'Boosh' Two more lights appear- the last one shining down on Richie himself and it ignites something in him.

Richie's breath picks up- it's loud and hurts his chest- sucking in the air and throwing it back out. His hands are sweating- dripping- and clothes began to feel tight- especially around his neck and stomach- on him.

(Now, come on, he's not big but, he's got a small bubble on his tummy- mostly full of beer and Chinese- but he's not big...not big.)

His sweaty hands pull at the collar of his shirt. Stretching it out and busting a seam, or two, as he does the same with the bottom of his shirt.

Richie looks down, while pulling his hand away, and stares at the finger prints of sweat soaking into the soft- maybe not anymore-cloth.

He blinks- a drop of sweat falls off the tip of his nose- and licks his lips.

Richie's breathing fills his ears and the sweat keeps coming- pouring down his forehead and coating each part of his body. Each part.

(Christ, it's like he's 13, again.)

It's disgusting- every bit of it's disgusting. He wipes his hands and wipes his hands, but it keeps coming. His shirt is drenched. His glasses fog up and he's blind.

Richie whimpers and shivers at the uncomfortable way his underwear sticks to his....Uh....regions... and shuffles on one foot awkwardly. (it feels wet and slimy.)

Sweat gets it to his eyes, and it stings, but he can't wipe it out without wiping his sweat fingers in his eyes- and he can't wipe off his sweaty fingers cause his shirt and pants- and socks are wet, too. It's pitifully sad to look at...and Richie hates it.

He licks his lips- they taste salty- and he runs a hand through his hair- so soaked with sweat it's like he put gel in it- and sighs looking down at his feet.

Richie squeezes his eyes closed and yells while smacking his forehead repeatedly- sending sweat and spit flying every where.

(What would Edd- think?)

He smacks his forehead- Jesus, fucking six head- and slowly drags his wet hands down his salty face, careful not to touch his mouth or eyes, then lets them hang limply on his sides. (Fucking sweat drips from his knuckles and- oh yeah, the lights still here. It's here- it's still yellow and it's still fucking hot and dark and black and wet and hot!)

Richie lets out a small cry and, while shaking, angrily smacks his fists on his thighs.

(Fucking smack, black, hot- smack- hot, black-)

There's a small pool of sweat forming under Richie's shoes. It ripples at every drop sliding off his laces and then stills unnaturally so.

Richie's face contorts into an ugly scowl.(The one actors make before their about to angry cry...like Dexter in that one episode...sure.) he hates it here, he hates it here, he hates being dead- Jesus fuck, he's dead- he hates this place, he hates that fucking clown and he hates his fucking friends for-

No.

Richie doesn't hate them. He doesn't hate them, this isn't their fault, he did this to himself. He tested the clown and the clown tested him right back- he's an idiot.

His friends were the best....and are the best.

A sob escapes him- wet and full of emotion. He hates this place....

Richie's bottom lip trembles and he starts to cry- and what a sight it is- his face red and blotchy...and glistening with that fucking salty sweat.

He sobs loud and ugly- no ones there to see him- and pulls at his clothes and at his hair. His disheveled looked quickly going into 'fucking homeless' territory as he pulls harder and harder and harder and-

His breathing was fucking annoying- it was fucking loud and loud and fucking loud.

Richie growled and smacked the palm of his hand to his brow, twice. (Fuck this fuck- fuck fuck.)

He bares his teeth- the lights still there, it can't go, he knows it's there, but he keeps forgetting, he doesn't know why, he just does-, growls and squishes his ears closed together with one hand on each side of his face- taking time to remove his hands and smack his ears closed, harshly- and screams.

Richie does not hear it.

(His ears ring.)

Richie screams. A cloud of hot steam erupts from his throat. (It's hot-hot- it's full of spit and air. Disgusting.) He groans, bends at the

waist- now facing the endless looking ground- and cries his red shot eyes out.

He cries.

He screams.

He spits.

He stomps...

Then, everything is-

‘ S I L E N T . ’

...

Oh so silent....so quite....so nice. So cold and rocky. So clean.

Richie's eyes are still closed...so he misses the way one of the lights- on his left- flicker vigorously. The outline of a figure can be seen walking towards it with a staggering step.

The person- as the slightly lighter black figure seems to be- stops just inches from the lights edge.

It's toes illuminated slightly yellow.

‘Now I've got you in my space...’

Richie stills, but sweat drips from his chin anyway.

The cold recedes- it's hot, again- the ground levels and everything is loud.

He stomps his foot, like a child ready for their nap- but has been taken out to eat with visiting family- that's seconds away from crying.

‘I won't let go of you...’

Richie squeezes his eyes shut harder- stars and dots appear- and the light flickers again.

(There's singing....fucking singing- why is there singing? It sounds so sickly sweet, so nice and soft. Why is there singing?)

'I've got you shackled in my embrace...'

The figure takes a step forward, Richie is oblivious, and gets bathed by the hot yellow light instantly. The dark black fading away as sweat and steam take its place.

It's- Hes'- human. Big, blue, doe eyes. Plush lips. Round angelic face, long arms and legs. Brown hair that hangs over one side of his face. Pale skin with no freckles or spots....Flannel shirt and plain blue jeans...black and white sneakers and-

It's Bill.

Richie's eyes are still closed.

'I'm latching on to you...'

Bill sways to the beat, but there is no music. He's singing quietly to the open air- voice as fear striking as a scared child's yell- to an instrumental tune only he can hear.

His blue eyes watched Richie's coiled form with a cocky, sensual look. He twitches his luscious pink lips and raises his chin up high.

'Oh Richie...'

The comedian sharply Inhales. Uncoiling and ripping his hands off his ears- he looks towards the sound of Bill's voice with wide eyes and mouth gaped.

It's like looking at an angel- Bill- under the light of virgin innocents and peace. There's no white wings or halo, no air of grace that saunters around him, no good...but just Bill's presents makes Richie's heart settle down- like someone deathly allergic to peanut butter that could breathe again after getting their E-pen shot-....he felt relieved.

Bill lowered his chin with pursed lips and wandering eyes- eyebrows raised slightly with interest.

(he looked nice...)

Richie's smile was wide and hurt his face, but the pain was numbed by his eagerness to interact with another human being.....even if it might be the clowns illusions.

(But he's dead. The clown can't fuck with him if he's dead, right? Yes. This is just a fucked 'post death' dream...it's fine. He's fine.)

'I'm latching on to you...' Bill sang again- pulling Richie from his paranoid thoughts with a sharp tug.

Bill smirked at the quick attention and fluttered his eye lashes.

'I've got you s-shackled in m-my embra-ce.'

Bill's cocky aura turned icy cold at the sudden stutter. His lips fell and tight fists clenched shakily.

Richie watches with baited breath as his friend's eye brows disappeared into his hair line and pupils quickly shrunk. He was no longer looking at the comedian, but maybe through him or a bit to the left on him...his skin turned even paler.

'I....I w-won't let y-y-you g-go.'

Richie winced at the shrillness of Bills voice- dry and cracking. The stutter was worse....and he got the lyrics wrong.

Bill's lips trembled as he wrapped both hands around his own throat and rocked back on his heels.

Richie's heart felt small in his chest as Bill's eyes- filled with lust and confidence one moment- turned dark. Something now sudden within them...cloaked behind a sheet of glassy tears and red spidery veins.

(It reminded Richie of the Mirror maze....)

Richie took a step towards Bill- the light followed him- with hesitance in his step and nothing but love glistening in his eyes.

'Hey..Big Bill...buddy...what's with the singing?' Richie tried to laugh, but the dryness of his throat turned it into a choked wheeze.' You...you trying to serenade me, or somethin'? heh...Im flattered, buddy but, what would poor Audra say? About you cheating on her

with an old trash rat?’ Richie licked his lips. ‘I don’t think she’d be particularly ‘happy’ about it, but....you never know. Maybe she’s one of those freaky girls who gets off at watching two old men with hip problems go at it..Heh...right?...Bill?’

‘N-now I-I’ve got y-you in m-mmy s-spa-ce.’

Bill clenched his neck with white knuckles as the last, but was the first, lyrics stumbled out of his mouth with the awkwardness of a toddler trying to walk. Pale skin began to turn red- flushed- and choked huffs of spit and steam plowed through his lips suddenly.

(What the fuck? What the fuck? What the fuck?)

‘Bill?’ Richie hated the way his voice sounded so vulnerable- like a child’s- in that moment...he couldn’t help it.

‘N-NNooow I-Illvvvee g...got y-you In..mm-my sp-ace....’

(What did that mean? What does it mean? A stupid song that he’s pretty sure heard on the radio a million times. What did it mean in this moment?)

The comedian shook his head.(Shut the fuck up).

Richie only realised- too late, I’m afraid- that Bill was choking himself to death. He stayed silent and watched as his friends body fell on jean clad knees- the contact with the ground making his limp head bounce- before slumping over onto the ground and stilling.

Dead.

.....

He was still in the deadlights.

That had to be it, right? He didn’t die, the clown’s just fucking with him, making him watch his friends all die horrific- weird- ways until he finally cracked.(Cracked for what? Richie couldn’t tell you...but it had to be for something.)

Richie ran a hand through his hair- it was still sweaty and gross-agitated by the circumstances(as he should.) and feeling the need to

cry again.

'This is fucked. This is fucked. This is fucked. This is- FUCK!' Richie screamed while kicking the ground, nearly slipping on the pool of sweat. This was fucked. It's all fucked! The deadlights, the dying, the fucking clown-!

That fucking clown.

Richie clenched his fists- his whole body shaking in anger- thinking about the multiple times that fucking dumb ass clown- kid eater- fucked with him. Made him feel small, unwanted and sick.
(Fucking homophobe)

'Fucking clown. Dumb ass clown. Child eater. Mimic. Mummy. Old lady. Creepy ass painting. Fucking Paul Bunyan dumbass mother fucking cold heartED BITCH!'

Screaming to nothing would accomplish nothing, but Richie didn't give a shit.

He paced and that stupid ass stage light followed him. What..what the fuck was it even for? What was it's significance? Did it relate to his comedic career? Cause, what the fuck about it? It's done- it over- He's in the deadlights and is slowly going Insane. What's he going to do once he's out?(If he even gets out.) Go back to reading other people's jokes- that don't even land half the time without his little twists- watch as people laugh at his 'supposed misfortune' at his girlfriend catching him jerking off to her friends Facebook account? Is that what the clown wants to remind him of? Of how sad his life has become and how pathetic a comedic career, for him, is? Was the Clown a hater?

Richie chuckled at that. Imagine, the clown, a hater. Someone who trolled on twitter about his upcoming comedy special- insulting him about how shiny his forehead looked- that probably only bought a ticket just to heckle and interrupt the show- to maybe rial him up and get a response- that wears grease stained shirts, much to small for them, socks with holes and short blue jean paints.

They'd probably be living in their mothers basement, too.

And that was funny.

Richie giggled at the image of Pennywise sitting on a lounge chair in a dark room- debris of chip bags and soda cans all around him- while he typed and posted mean slurs and insults to Richie's next twitter or Instagram post. He'd probably be laughing his head off- which, come to think of it, has a much bigger forehead than he- while his fucking mom clown thing came down to give him cookies.

(Bonus points if Pennywise's mom was Ms.Kaspbrak.)

'I wonder if Pennywise would be a mama's boy?' Richie scratched his chin. If he was me at to go insane, it was working. Talking about how his childhood fear wrote mean comments and ate cookies was about the strangest thing he's probably ever thought of.....maybe.

Richie rubbed a rough hand over his tired eyes, sighing loudly. Richie cracked his knuckles, winced, and stuffed his hands in his pockets.

Licking his- very moist- lips- oh my god- he whispered.'It's too fucking quiet.'

The sweat on his hands soaked into the inside of his pockets as beneath him began to shake.

He spoke too soon.

The light on him vanished in a blink.

A sudden push to the chest- a shove- sent Richie flailing to wrench his hands out of his pockets in time to catch himself.

He landed on the smooth ground, harshly, -legs nearly flying over his head- with wrists throbbing.

The hot air around him seemed to vanish as frostbite was left in its wake and the two- Bill's light disappeared sometime between Richie's fall and now...as well Bill's body- yellow lights across from him only seemed to shine brighter.

Richie probed himself up on his elbows- his wrists were still throbbing- and tried to settle his rapid heart beat.

(It was just the clown fucking with him- he had to remember that- it's just the stupid clown..)

Circus music began to play. Richie recoiled back, but he didn't get far.

His elbows were frozen.

'Trying to leave so soon, Richie?' A child's voice pipped up from the dark.

(Oh- fuck no.)

Snapping his head forward, Richie gasped in shock as he came face to face with-

'Dean?' He asked, puzzled. Richie squinted at the bright spot lights rays to focus on the small boy before him.

Dean's smile was wider than humanly possible. His baby blue eyes mocked Richie with their innocents- only masked by a thin sheet of grey.

(Like the children in the deadlights.)

Richie's eyes widened and bottom lip quivered.
Dean snapped his teeth.

'The fun's just beginning!' The child cackled, his innocent face devoid of any real human emotion and, was instead, covered in teeth marks and blood.

Richie reached out with a shaky hand.'Hey kid, what-'

But dean vanished back into the blackness from where he came.

And then the show began.

In the light closets to Richie, were two people- Stanley and Eddie- covered in blood. In Eddie's chest was a hole that mimicked the exact hole Richie had in his chest when Pennywise attacked them. He was

bleeding out- by like, a lot- and skin was slowly losing color. Eddie's bloody, shaking, hands grasped at Stan's collared shirt- desperately trying to call out to him or to pull him closer for warmth...but his arms were too weak, and mouth filled to the brim with blood. Stan just stared- face empty of any pain, remorse or fear.

(It was disturbing.)

Richie tried to make a sound- to move- but both his body and lips were frozen shut.

(Not this shit again, not this shit again, fuck.)

Richie was starting to suspect the clown- if that was who was really fucking with him- had a stuck fetish. No fucking normal maniac un-bounds their prisoner to just bound them again when they're needed. That's fucked.

(But Pennywise is a new breed of maniac..)

And this was more fucked than any Richie had ever seen..

While Eddie bleeds and tries to call Stanley through a mouth full of blood- said man cuts his arm down 'the river' and pulls out a string- a strip- of muscle... and Richie almost couldn't believe his eyes.

Almost.

(Was this really happening? What the Fuck...what the FUCK? Who the fuck would get off to this? Oh my god, what the fuck.)

Richie watched in unwanted silence as Stanley's delicate pale fingers caress Eddie's bleeding cheek- the one Bowers had stabbed and..holy fuck, Bowers! Richie fucking killed him, didn't he?- with a loving touch. His misty grey eyes staring at the gaping wound in Eddie's chest with...something different...but Eddie clawed at the others arm, spilling more blood from the open wound onto himself and Stan frowned.

The smaller male squirms beneath Stan's hard gaze, but in more of an excited way than scared- which is fucked- and he smiles sheepishly.

Stanley pulled out a sharp, silver needle than began to fit the small strip of muscle through the needles tiny hole. Richie fucking choked.

Was Stan really...REALLY going to fucking patch Eddie up with a needle and human organs? Fucking muscle from his own arm?

(What the fuck what the fuck.)

Stan tied a knot in the strip to keep it from slipping out. His chapped lips raised slightly as Eddie shoved himself against Stan with eagerness in his bloodshot eyes.

Stan smiled- fully- at the other mans childish behaviour and raised Eddie's chin up with one single finger. Giving a soft kiss to the smallest nose before leaning back on his heels- they had been sitting the whole time, Richie finally noticed- to inspect Eddie's wound.

A beat of silence.

Stan raised the bloody, organ needle, and Richie screamed.

He screamed and screamed and screamed, but there was no sound. He tried, and failed, to push himself away from the grotesque illusion but his body would just not cooperate and eyes stayed glued to the scene.

(Please...No.)

Tears escaped Richie's eyes just as Stan made the first pierce and...and then they were gone....so was the light.

They were both gone, the show over...but there was still one light left.

Richie's stomach gurgled loudly- he placed a hand on his belly to settle it-then Ben and Beverly were there.

And Richie felt the same weight on his eyes as he did with Stan and Eddie..he couldn't look away.

Richie watches in his invisible prison as Ben sticks out his tongue for Beverly's pearly white teeth to bite.

He cowers backwards as Bev snarls and hastily jerks at her 'friends' tongue. Beverly pulls and bites deeper, until blood is pooling in her mouth and dripping down both sides of her lips. She lets out a disgustingly content chirp and begins to suck on Ben's tongue,

greedily lapping up the salty- but sweet- liquid poring out from her teeth marks.

Ben's eyes go cross and he hums happily. His fists are clenched at his sides- shaking in pain? Anger?- but the smile- or what looks like a smile- on his face leads Richie to believe that he is as content as Beverly is in the same moment.

Repulsive.

Richie always knew that they would swap spit one day but...never like this....never like- his stomach grumbles again...then Beverly and Ben are gone, and he is left alone.

The air around Richie vibrates and the white around him flashes stark red for a single second. The weight on his eyes is released and elbows slowly begin to unfreeze from the ground.

His shoulders pop and then Richie is sitting up straight with uneven breathes. He places a hand over his heart and sighs in relief.

(Okay...okay...okay....it's over.)

But it wasn't.

Richie regains his breathing...then his stomach swirls unhappily. The comedian places a shaky hand on his belly- wincing at the bubbling pops shaking under his palm- and rubs it softly.

It just rumbles louder.

Richie whimpers and rolls forward onto his knees- both hands caressing his stomach now- and leans halfway over his thighs.

He's thrown up plenty of times to know what's about to happen next- and every time he thinks he knows how its going to feel, and braces for it, he always underestimates the quickness of his stomach and ends up gasping for air after every time anyway.

Richie hates throwing up- and he hates how slow his stupid body reacts to it.

(This one going to be sudden.)

His stomach lunches beneath his finger tips and, before Richie can

think, something big, round, and hairy forces it's way up his throat. Tears pinch off at the ends of his squinted eyes as whatever comes up forces his mouth open comically wide- sliding out slowly before plopping in front of Richie's knees with a wet, mushy, flop.

It smells like shit- it tastes like shit- and Richie absolutely refuses to touch it at all. He spits to the side and coughs and then spits again. Richie licks above his top lip- savouring the salty taste that coats his tongue, that distracts him from the shit he just expelled- and stares down at the messy, dark, blob with teary eyes.

It's very big...like, the size of his own head big...how did something like that even fit down his throat? And when had he even eaten something that big in the first place? What had-

And then Richie notices something.....the blobs not a blob at all...it has ears....a mouth...a nose...eyes, hair and- It's a fucking human head! A fucking human head was in his stomach! A fucking head that he half digested and fucking threw up!

(Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god.)

Richie feels like he's about to puke again and leans back down over his knees. His face coming in close contact with the- bleh- fucking human head. He takes a deep breath to calm himself, but ends up just getting a huge whiff of the shitty smell. He gags and sits back up to cover his mouth.

(What the fuck is his life?)

Richie sits back on his heels- a hand caressing his sore stomach- and studies the...head with a raised brow.

The eyes..that's was caught his attention....The area around them was mostly dead and rotting away but, the eyes were whole. And they stared back at Richie with something familiar in them. Maybe a mix of fear, gratitude, mild anger, happiness and regret...Richie couldn't pick just one. Th eyes...they were very full of emotion. Like just looking at them you could the guys- he guesses it's a he- full story without even knowing his name.

A voice in the back of Richie's mind whispers 'but you do know his name.' The he's staring into the eyes again. Studying them with precision.

He knows his name...but does he really? The eyes seem so familiar, yes- like home- but he can't match the face...and that might just be a lot due to decomposition...but Richie can't name. Can't even find the first letter that even SOUNDS like it belongs....but, the feelings still there..he knows this man...and this man knew him...

But Richie can't remember who Mike is and-

...

Oh.

The realisation comes but it can't settle in before the blackness snaps to white and Richie is being thrown upwards.

He doesn't scream- but his heart seems about just ready to give out with how fast he moves and how hard the wind blows against him. He flies higher and higher, teeth clenched.

The light gets brighter and brighter as he shoots up and up to god knows what. Everything is cold but he's too troubled by the weight of thousands of tons of air pulling onto his body.

His heart beats slower and visions goes black.

His chest feels like it's been stabbed with a thousand knives and the phantom feeling of wetness flows down his chest before the numbness in his legs concern him more. It all hurts...it hurts so much- he wants to vomit. Oh god, his stomach, his ears, his eyes, his everything. It feels like he's been dipped in acid, his skins melting off and bones deteriorating as fast as he flies.

And he's flying fast as fuck. Flying up and up and up. Up to the sky. Over the trees and mountains- Richie Tozier flies high to what he believes might be his heaven or hell.

Cause he is dead- he Renner's clearly, now.

He was stabbed- saving his friend- saving his dirty little secret....He was bleeding and floating in the air. His skin tearing as the claw

bounced him up and down. He remembers the terrified screams and wails that echo through his ear this moment...he remembers Eddie's-Eds...- face. Contorted into a ball of anger and sadness that Richie has never seen on him before...he had been brave...much braver than Richie in that moment...and he had wanted to remind Eddie that...it was gonna be okay. He was fine, that it was all gonna be okay....but he died, anyway.

And he left Eddie alone...something he remembers promising the little health that he would never do....he broke a promise. Those aren't meant to be broken...not any time, any place, anywhere...and especially not between two losers.

Losers stick together. That was the only promise they had all made together...as friends...and as lovers....They stay together, that was it...but Richie left.

He broke two promises. He broke a promise to the losers...and he broke a promise to Eddie....and, if you really look at it...he broke two of Eddie's promises.

They had been holding hands when they made the pact- after all....

It only made sense.

Richie couldn't stand that thought....

The wind blowing his cheek suddenly grew colder and the weight on his chest tripled.

He guessed two things were gonna happen.

1. He's going to heaven...or hell and
2. He's dying....again?

They were two possibilities...two ways that this could end- he could end...and only way to know which.

Richie looked up at the blinding white light with eyes full of tears. He regrets living a life of fear behind jokes and jabs. He hates that he never told his parents how much he loved them. He regrets not staying in Derry with Mike after all the other losers had left. He wishes he hadn't quit college for some stupid comedy Dream. He

regrets hating himself his whole life....hating that part of him that wasn't so dirty and wasn't so bad in the beginning...He regrets not confessing.

And Richie tozier wishes he could of said goodbye.....

Okay...okay, now he's confessed. He confessed his sins, his greatest regrets- he confessed everything he could of in this moment....but what else was there to say?

Nothing. There was nothing else.

Richie smiled....a true smile. He took the deepest breath he could and closed his eyes. Willing and waiting for whatever pain, punishment or obstacle was put in his way.

Richie tozier closed his eyes and let go of all touch, taste, smell, sight and sound all around him...but, if he had strained himself enough....he would of the heard the voices of people he loved...screaming his name....and crying for him to come back... And..one of them would of been louder than the others...

The last lullaby he would hear.....

Before his eyes opened up and the hot sun above warmed his speckled skin like a blow torch to a marshmallow. The song birds he used to hear back in his teenage years sung sweetly in the trees above him.

Richie blinked once- realised he didn't have his glasses- and threw up.

It tasted different than earlier. There was no ash to it, no decomposition or bitter bile- just the taste of old Chinese and beer....which still tasted like shit, yeah, but it was something Richie would rather eat for the rest of his life than given the chance to throw up...THAT again...disgusting.

'Bleh.' Richie expelled the last of his vomit and sat up on his knees. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. Richie gave it a look- it was icky yellow color- then brushed it off in the grass below. Making sure to wipe it all off before he touched he touched his face again.

He reached up to clean his glasses- as they surly were dirty now- and.....he's not wearing glasses.

Richie tapped the end of his nose with a clean finger. Then looked around.

He could see...perfectly.

All of it. The trees individual leaves, the grooves on the bark wood and the birds feathers when they were ruffled. He could see all of it clear as day without his glasses. All the Specks and bugs and imperfections of nature that he had been forced to see behind a circle of glass.

Richie never imagined what the world looked like beyond the glasses- because without them it was all blurry- but...now that he could see, like, really see....It was all beautiful. More beautiful than ever.

And he thought- as he stood up, making sure to avoid the pile of vomit- what if he had died before seeing any of this?

Wait, didn't he die?

Richie pursed his lips. Yeah...yeah he did die....why did he keep forgetting that?

'Why?' Richie whispered to himself, starting questioningly at his open hand....which looked a lot less harrier- and smaller- than his hand from a few...minutes ago?

He furrowed his brows and raised his other hand up to his face.

It looked the same. Small, less hairy, no scars and...young. His skin looked young and soft...

Dark freckles were still scattered all over the back of his hands and forearms...but much less so...

Richie squinted.'What the fuck happened?'

A hand clasped his shoulder.'Well, dear Richie, you died!' The voice was chipper and sweet- but that didn't stop Richie from spinning around to slap the hand off.

He jumped back with one hand raised and stared at the stranger. 'What the fuck? Who are you?!' He looked the man up and down- taking in the most noticeable features first.

Brown hair- curly- Blue...Green..Grey? Eyes. Tall...taller than Richie(huh.) but not very buff or fat.

A normal looking guy....something was definitely wrong.

Richie scowled at the man and took a step back. 'Who the fuck are you?'

The man stared at Richie with a friendly smile. He raised his hands up by his ears and shrugged. 'I'm sorry. I did not mean to scare you- it was not my intention.' The man clasped his bony fingers together and hummed happily.

'I'm afraid I can't tell you my name...but, I will say that- to answer your first question-You died...Richie. And I.' The man gestured to himself.', brought you back to the land of the living!'

The man smiled- wow, he had big teeth- with hands on his hips. Eyes sparkling blue in the warm summer sun...was it even summer?

Richie blinked and let his arms fall all the way to his sides. 'Why can't you tell me your name?...and how do you know me?' He questioned, crossing his arms.

The man chuckled and brushed out the wrinkles in his turtle neck sweater- who the fuck wears a turtle neck anymore- and tucked a strand of curly hair behind his ear.

'Well, Richie, to answer your first question....If I tell you my name me- bringing you back would of been all for naught...Im sorry.' His tone was chipper, but he had the decency to look apologetic. 'And, to answer your second question- I kinda...sorta...made you.' He looked uncomfortable saying it- like he had just confessed to breaking his moms vase.

Richie felt uncomfortable. 'You...You made me?' He pointed to the man then at himself. 'You....Me?' He raised a brow. The man nodded, hesitantly.

'Um...Yes.' He smiled, sheepishly- he really did have big teeth, Jesus-

and shrugged.'Its not really something to be amazed about.'

Richie scrunched his nose.'Okay?' So he's god, perfect.
'Wait, you brought me back to life?'

Richie couldn't understand why he didn't ask that question in the first place- I mean- yeah, this strange dude seemed pretty...weird? Cool? But he was alive...and that's kinda cooler than him.

The man sighed and nodded, sadly.'Yes. I did...but I'm afraid I didn't do it just to bring you back....you see..' The stranger grimaced.' You weren't supposed to die..'

Richie stared at the man- was he really just gonna call him 'the man'?...yes- with mouth gaped.

'Excuse me?' He didn't sound angry- or sad- but his tone was accusing.

The man sputtered.'I...I-I don't know, are you not upset? I don't know what happened- you, you just died and if I didn't bring you back I-I would be punished and I-'

Richie cut him off.'Slow your role, dude...Im not angry.' His time was so soft the man almost didn't hear him.'...Im just...What the fuck man?' His voice cracked and- oh god- he's crying.

The man looked surprised- mostly uncomfortable- at his tears and didn't know whether to comfort Richie or not...so just just stood there and cooed.'Hey...Hey...Its okay, Its okay...Um, I don't know what's wrong but...It'll be okay? Okay?'

Richie still cried, but had the conscience to wipe the snot off his face. He gave the man a look.

'It's not okay...mother fucker I died!' He pointed at himself angrily.' And you!' He pointed at the man.'Brought me back! I'm supposed to be dead! Your 'punishment' be damned! I died and mother fucking went to my own personal hell!! I saw my friends all die! Again! And it was even more fucked than the first time!' Richie wiped his nose and choked back an ugly sob.'And...And- I was stuck! I couldn't move! I was stuck to watch them all die! What the Fuck!'

The man stared at Richie with eyes full of empathy- he knew what happened- and hesitantly placed a hand on Richie's shoulder. Mentally congratulating himself when the boy didn't knock his hand off, again.

'Hey..Hey.. Richie,' He cooed softly, stroking the boys curly hair with his other hand.' I know what happened, it's okay. None of it was real...your friends are safe- you saved them- and they're alive... it's okay...Just, calm down for me, bud...I don't want you to cry yourself to exhaustion...you really did just come back from the dead...that should of taken a lot out of you...'

Richie hadn't been listening to half of the stuff the man said- he was crying very loudly- but...his voice was calming and sweet...He took a deep breath and wiped his face off with the collar of his shirt- has his shirt been this baggy before- and stared up at the stranger with a soft smile.

'Okay...Im good now...thank you..thank...'

Richie drifted off mid sentence thinking back to what the man said during his ordeal. He gripped the mans shoulders.'My friends? They're okay?'

Richie's look was pleading- eyes still shinning with left over tears. The man smiled kindly and placed his hands over Richie's.

'Yes,' He slowly slid the hands off his shoulders.'They're fine...all six of them healthy, breathing and living.' The man let go of Richie's hands and clasped his own together, tightly.

'And it's all thanks to you..'

Richie frowned at that.'To me?...How...How did I save them?'

The man sniffed.'Well....as I said. You weren't supposed to die- Eddie was,' The man felt guilty for his bluntness, especially when Richie flinched but...it was the truth.

He licked his lips.'Eddie...Eddie was supposed to die- not you....he was supposed to get stabbed and you- the rest of the losers- were supposed to escape...Pennywise's cavern-' Richie bit his lip at that 'and.....you were all supposed to go your seperate ways and...' The man swallows thickly.'Forget.'

Richie furrowed his brows.'...We..If I had lived...we would of all forgotten each other again?' The man nodded and Richie shook his head in disbelief.'Why....why?'

'Because you didn't kill pennywise in that outcome...you destroyed his heart- yes but,...he's kidnapped enough children to have some organs left over and...he comes back twenty seven years later when all of you are..' The man puffs his cheeks and twitches his hands.'Dead.'

Richie forced himself not to flinch.

'What the fuck?'

The man nodded.'Yeah, what the fuck indeed...this outcomes fucking crazy, man. When I heard you died- I freaked out! I mean what was I gonna do?' He looked at Richie with wide eyes and an exasperated look.'I mean- what the fuck?'

Richie squinted at the man, shook his head and sighed.'Whatever man...Im not really too...keen on listing to you go on about my life and your...weird job...You said you brought me back for something..what is it?'

The man's shoulders deflated and his eyes drooped. He looked like Richie just grounded him from seeing his best friend...jeez.

'I...I think we should go to a more...comfortable spot before we discuss...that.'

Richie raised a brow at the man- but couldn't help but agree with him. He looked around again- noting he was still in Derry- and took in the woods behind him then looked at the small waterfall area behind the man.

(None of it looked familiar- maybe they never went down this path.)

The sun was setting...and it was getting cold. Richie's clothes were weirdly wet and flow-y and- that would no do.

He looked back at the man and nodded.'Yeah..Yeah, okay, I'm fine with that but, when we do, can I get some clothes that actually fit?'

These feel kinda big and- yeah, I know I gained a few but I'm not this big.' Richie gestured to his clothes and the man laughed.

'I'll see what I can do about that and- I'm sorry about that, I was in a rush to fix everything that I forgot to accomodate your clothes to your new size.' The man joked with a smile and Richie smiled back.

'Eh, It's okay man! Things like this happen all the time! Like, one time I was...' Richie let the mans words sink in. He wiped his head around to face the man.

'What do you mean 'my new size'?'

The man swallowed slowly and pulled at his collar.

'Um...okay okay, don't get mad..and im probably sure you e already noticed but, when I brought you back...I couldn't...find all of you..'
The man hung his head ashamed and twiddled his fingers. Richie just stared.

'I...I Uh tried to fix you but- but all of it was just so messed up and missing that- that...Hey! What are you doing?'

Richie scrambled to the waters edge- not before bumping into the strange mans shoulder first- as fast as his new noodle legs would allow. He slipped a few times on the rocks covered in moss before falling on his knees at the line between land and water- his pants got wet anyway.

Richie tucked strands of wild, curly hair behind his ears- had they always been this big?- and stared down at his reflection

And stared.

And stared.

And stared.

He stared for so long that his legs went numb. The man behind him bit his lip and rocked back on sock-clad heels- why socks.

The man stood with his arms crossed, chin touching his chest. The stranger walked up behind Richie and squatted down to place a gentle hand on his shoulder.

Richie, either didn't notice or didn't care, just stared.

The stranger shook his head with a sad sigh. He stared down at Richie's reflection- then back at Richie himself with sad, colourful, eyes. When he spoke up, His voice was soft.'Listen...Kid, I know this might be..a lot for you but,..you gotta know it gets better, I know it..I don't know how you're feeling right now and I know you might be confused...scared...alone- I feel that way, too. You just...'He paused.'..You..you just gotta hang in there..everything will be fine- Everything is fine, I promise. As long as I'm here with you nothing bad will happen...and, and you won't feel bad...okay?' He squeezed Richie's shoulder, lips pulled tight.

'Everything is Fine.' He stared at Richie, awaiting some sort of confirmation- a nod, a hum, a blink- but got nothing. The stranger looked out at the small pool of water, nodding.

'Okay..okay.' He stood up slowly, knees and back popping loudly.'I can see that you're...that you're very upset and...I can respect that...but..' The stranger paused to stare off into the dark woods and then at the back of Richie's head.'..It's getting dark...and...and when you're ready we should bring you to a place more..' He gestured to everything around him.'..Inside...okay?.' He tilted his head at Richie-trying again to gain some sort of agreement. But he failed, again.

The stranger blew a raspberry, nodded at the ground, with hands firmly placed on his hips.'Okay...Okay...I'll be back in a few minutes- If you're not ready by then...Then I'll just drag you out. Okay?' Richie didn't move and the stranger kept nodding. He gave a wiry, toothy, smile.'Okay..okay, I- Okay...Bye..Bye.' The stranger waved at Richie's back- knowing the other wouldn't see it but...force of habit- and stomped off into the woods without looking back.

Leaving Richie to...to just think and stare.

Two small ripples below Richie crashed together- completely disfiguring his reflection-that sent a drop of water onto his left cheek. Richie didn't move- or flinch- but he thought back to what the strange man had said a few minutes ago.

'Everything is Fine.' That's what he said..and that's what be meant. But what a stupid thing to say...cause, nothing was going to be fine...again, ever. Nothing would be fine and nothing would be the

same.

Cause Richie is alive.....and fucking 18 years old.

Nothing was 'fine' about that at all.

Notes for the Chapter:

Well...I hope that wasn't confusing or anything...but I hope you liked it!

As I said in the tags, I have no idea where this story is going!

Leave a comment if you want too! Thanks for reading! :)

Author's Note:

Note- I suck at writing and- yeah, I don't update often cause I get busy and fall into writers block reallllll fast so- sorry

Leave a comment if you want to!
And, again, Thanks for reading !